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## The Oberammergau Passion Play in 1871.

(Concluded from page 293.)

Although I had read carefully very many descriptions of this performance, (and of which none, in my judgment, gives a more vivid account than the one to which I have referred above,) I found that none of them prepared me to realize the wonderful and truly artist-like manner in which it was carried out, so that no professed actors or singers, it seemed, could have been substituted for any of these performers to advantage, or could more effectively have sustained their parts. The leader of the chorus, for instance, throughout the performance delivered long passages sometimes spoken, sometimes in recitative, sometimes in song, with the fullness of voice, the admirable expression, the grace of gesture that you would look for only in a finished professional dramatic singer of a high rank, yet he is a simple villager in this remote Bavarian mountain village. So also, it was truly wonderful, in the scenes representing the trials before the Sanhedrim and before Pilate and Herod, to observe the force and vigor and naturalness with which the various characters were acted, from the most insignificant of the rabble to the High Priests and the Roman Governor. Every thing was appropriate and in keeping. The costumes were carefully copied from well-known paintings, as were also individual attitudes and the groupings of masses of persons numbering sometimes 3 or 400 at the same time, upon the stage. Wonderful too, was it that, even in those characters requiring the very highest qualities, undertaking, as they did to represent the most sublime personages and characters known to us, there was nothing anywhere to shock the sensibilities of the most devout. Bear in mind that this audience was largely Roman Catholic; that, almost without exception the doctrine of the Trinity was the chief article in its belief, and that here on this stage, they undertook to present the Virgin Mary, and the inexpressibly venerable person of her Son, and that these characters were not only so given by these actors as not only, not to offend any but, on the other hand, so as to produce the most wonderful effects upon the hearers, to draw tears of sympathy and emotion from eyes not given to weeping and to quicken the feelings and to stir the souls of all, to a pitch of exaltation altogether unknown, and it will be seen, that this representation at Oberammergau is altogether without an equal or a parallel in the history of the dramatic art.

The most wonderful feature of the Passion Play is the remarkable, the incredible success with which Joseph Mair represents the character of Christ. It would seem almost like a profanation of the most sacred things for a man to attempt this; one can hardly believe that the attempt would be anything but shocking to the

feelings of all, and yet the testimony is all but universal, (the exceptions are so rare as to be scarce worthy of thought,) that this man not only succeeds in the effort, but even produces impressions that reading and study of the Scriptures, and familiarity with the masterpieces of art have failed to excite. He makes *real* to you so many things in the life of the Savior, as no reading and no preaching and no pictures have ever done; gifted by nature with a singular personal beauty of features, of figure, of expression and of voice, your whole attention is rivetted upon him from the moment when in the entrance into Jerusalem, he descends from the ass, with meek gestures deprecating the homage of the multitude, to the moment, when, with a startling faithful resemblance to all the representations of the event, he hangs upon the Cross, before your eyes. The greatest actor could scarcely suggest wherein a movement, a look, a gesture, a tone, could be changed for the better, in this wonderful attempt to represent the most sublime character and person of all history. Throughout he uses the very words of the Savior, which come to you with a force and reality of meaning all new to you. The surroundings, the scene, the characters before you all combine to give an interpretation and effect to the written word that has come to the minds of but very few of those who witness the performance. The dignity, the grace, the meekness, the patience of the divine character are wonderfully represented, by this self-taught actor.

All the great events of the history are represented; the entry into Jerusalem, the driving of the money-changers from the Temple, the washing of the disciples' feet, the agony in the garden of Gethsamane, the Supper, the Crucifixion, Resurrection and Ascension. Can higher subjects be conceived to tax the powers of the actors! Can one cease to wonder at the genius that makes it possible for a man to attempt these things and not fail? Such a representation of the character as Joseph Mair can seldom be found, and the actors of the Passion Play of the present year, I believe, must stand alone in the history of Oberammergau, and almost in the history of dramatic art.

Essaying to be critical at the beginning of the performance the hearer, comparing it with other performances, can only perceive that the vocal parts being within the limits of the powers of execution of the singers, are almost faultlessly rendered; that the spoken parts are throughout given with most remarkable propriety and effect of declamation, gesture and *pose*; that the costumes, and the groupings are arranged with a truly artistic effect, down to the most insignificant personage who takes a part, down to the humblest detail.

But the power to criticize is soon lost and the spectator must abandon himself to the current that is sweeping away all around him, and give himself up entirely and unreservedly to the

emotions aroused by this vivid presentment of the most solemn and effecting scenes of all the world's history.

The *tableaux vivants* which all along were interspersed, from Old Testament history, as a sort of commentary upon the acted scene which was to follow, were the least successful part of the whole representation, and did not correspond in their effect with the musical and the spoken parts of the Passion Play, although the same care and study was evident in the arrangement, and the execution was very perfectly done.

The climax of interest was in the scene of the procession to Calvary and the Crucifixion, and were it not for the necessity of completing the sacred story by adding the Resurrection and Ascension, it would have been better that the representation ended with this remarkable scene, which it seems incredible that men should attempt to represent and more incredible that they should so succeed in their endeavor. The testimony however, of all who have seen this representation of the Passion is so nearly unanimous, that the success of the attempt cannot be doubted. I have seen no one who was not glad to have seen it, and who did not look upon it as one of the unique events of life to have been there.

The morning breeze was cool when we took our seats; the broiling heat of the noon day sun saw the performance only half finished, and the long shadows of the mountains in the west cooled us again towards sunset, before the representation was completed, at about five o'clock in the afternoon, which was a long time for soul and body to be so kept upon the stretch, exhausting to the mind and not a little wearying to the bodies of the six thousand spectators, who at the close, gladly left the not over comfortable seats which they had occupied through the livelong day.

It was indeed a relief to leave the seats in which we had sat closely packed during all these hours and to find ourselves in the moving multitude that, in a few moments poured through the narrow streets of the village. The booths and stalls for the sale of photographs, wood-carvings, and mementoes of the performance of various kinds were quickly crowded by purchasers about to leave the place and anxious to carry away something with them, the sight of which far away would bring back to mind the memories of this day. Every one wanted the wood-carving of Joseph Mair, but the demand was far beyond the possibility of his supplying it; and every one would take away with him a photograph of the lovely face of Franziska Flunger, the beautiful daughter of the drawing teacher of the village, who had personated the Virgin. The vendors of beer and cakes were well patronized by the almost starving crowd, and the pretty peasant girls, who sold luscious grapes in the streets could scarcely quickly enough deal out the purple

bunches to their eager customers. The streets were crowded with vehicles all harnessed and ready to start on the return journey in all directions, and waiting only to be filled.

Not intending to return the same way that I came, I was lucky to find a seat in a sort of covered wagon, seated omnibus fashion, that was bound for Weilheim.

When at last the company was got together of those who had come from Weilheim in this vehicle, we started. The "insiders" were not so pleasant company as the good-natured rustics with whom I had journeyed to Oberammergau, but were an inferior kind of city folks who devoted a good deal of time to berating the driver and his vehicle. The vehicle, I should say, appeared to be covered with sheet iron, in lieu of leather or cloth, for, after we had slowly wound our way through the closely packed main street and were fairly started, at a round trot, it seemed to me, that I was never shut up in anything better entitled to the name of an "infernal machine." If one could be bottled up in a steamboat boiler, as we sometimes see them, on wheels, and trotted off over a cobble stone pavement, as fast as horse flesh could travel, one could have an idea of the torments of a six hours' ride in this springless and entirely abominable vehicle.

The way was crammed with carriages of every kind, and, as far as we could see, was an interminable profusion of vehicles and a great multitude on foot, priests, students, peasants, men, women and children of all ages and in the quaintest of costumes, all intent on making their best time, for night was coming on apace, and all were anxious to be as far as could be on their way before it should be really dark. We left behind us the pretty village lying at the foot of the rocky cliffs and soon saw the imposing dome and the stately buildings of the abandoned monastery of Ettal, only a few miles off. It was indeed a surprise to see this vast and beautiful group of buildings worthy of a great city, buried here in this remote valley among the Bavarian hills; but no monks are there and the stately edifice is used now as a beer brewery. To one of the old monks of Ettal the people of Oberammergau were indebted for the composition of the libretto, if one may so call it, of the Passion Play.

It was an odd sight, when, at the top of an immensely long hill, with a dense forest on both sides of the road, the long procession halted, and all were compelled to alight and walk down the steep descent for an almost interminable distance. It did not take long to find countrymen in this crowd and I fraternized with some young Americans, students, whom I discovered, and was glad to exchange a few words with, in the good old mother tongue. Again all ascended and rode along in the dark, coming, after some time, to another hill, (but this time it was "berg-auf," up-hill work for a good mile. Arriving at the halting place, I waited for my vehicle; I waited, but it did not come, and waited still, till the diminishing throng of foot-men and chariots made me a little suspicious that my carriage might have passed me unnoticed in the darkening evening and still I waited, thinking some accident might have detained it, until at last I found myself alone on this Bavarian highway at about

ten o'clock of a dark night, where I did not know. Satisfied that I was indeed abandoned, I proceeded at a lively pace for a mile or so, and to my great joy came into a town its streets all alive with vehicles whose horses had been taken out, and whose "Wirthschafts," were bright with lights and all alive with hundreds of hungry guests, and glad enough was I at last to recognize my sheet-iron carriage, and join my fellow travellers in the inn of the "Post" and sit down to a hearty meal and a foaming glass of Bavarian beer.

An hours' halt here, in Murnau, refreshed both man, womankind and beast, so that all started off with better heart to endure the rest of that midnight ride, which, in two hours more, brought us to Weilheim, a large town which, until recently was the terminus of the railroad to Munich. Right glad were we, after six hours of torment, to drive up to the arched door way of the inn, to get out and stand upon solid ground again.

Addressing an individual who appeared like one of the authorities of the house, the "gentlemanly clerk" I thought he might be, he assured me I could have a bed, and invited me to the coffee room where I found again my young fellow Yankees and the whole caravan besides drinking coffee. It was a mystery where this multitude expected to sleep, for the house was very small and the company very great. But I and my friends were promised beds, *recht schöne Betten* "right beautiful beds," by the wandering Bavarian whom I had mistaken for the clerk, who sat and drank coffee with us, disappearing at intervals, for some minutes, and on his return assuring us, over and over again that we were to have "right beautiful beds," where, we could not guess, for we gradually found that our Bavarian friend was slightly elevated by his Sunday evening potatoes and evidently had nothing at all to do with the housekeeping of the inn of the "Blue Grapes"—no more than ourselves, and at two o'clock we came to the conclusion that our fate was to sit there and drink coffee till morning with the rest when, to our delight, the wandering Bavarian returned, after another temporary absence and announcing, so well as we could understand his Bavarian speech (as modified by drink) that all was ready; "the beautiful beds" awaited us, if the *Herrschaffers* would follow him. So we followed him out of the "Blue Grape" to a house not far away, which he averred was his, and as his key, (somewhat uncertainly adjusted to the lock,) had a tendency to prove a title in him to the mansion, we followed him a little dubiously into the house.

The beautiful beds of my friends were on the lower floor, and they took possession of their apartment, as I saw, with not a little suspicion; but whatever doubts I had entertained, were entirely dispelled by a glance at the lovely face of the young girl who lighted me up two flights of stairs to a large and pleasant room all full of quaint old furniture and pictures; children's clothes and playthings, a workbasket, and some indications of young womanly proprietorship of the apartment. All this set me at ease and I tumbled into the beautiful bed and quickly forgot my long days' adventures in sleep.

In the morning my Bavarian knocked at the

door, "clothed and in his right mind," full of kindness and hospitality; coffee was ready in the next room whenever I pleased to take it. It pleased me to take it forthwith, and never was there more fragrant coffee, sweeter bread or more delicious butter than were offered me by the pretty young woman whom I had seen the night before, the sister of our host. It seemed, that, availing themselves of the chance to make a few florins, the family had abandoned their usual quarters and taken us in for the night, stowing themselves I know not where. Of course we remunerated their hospitality, for which they would fix no price, so as to fully repay them for their trouble, and which was none too much, as we all agreed, to pay to the pretty damsel who seemed to be the head of the household.

Then a little walk about the town; a few moments spent in the old church, and a few minutes lingering at the quaint fountain guarded all round by statues of cherubs, and we were on the way to the station accompanied by the Bavarian and his pretty sister, and were soon rushing in the old familiar way, by rail, past the margin of the lovely *Sta n erg Lake*, and in a few hours more, were in beautiful Munich.

Apart from the special interest attaching to Oberammergau from the "Passion Play" which will not be performed again for ten years, this place is of itself worthy of a visit from all travellers, who enjoy the pleasures to be derived from journeying among a quaint and simple rural people and a country whose natural beauty cannot be overpraised. Fresh as I was from seeing the grandest and the most beautiful scenery of Switzerland, some regions of which had become as familiar as home to me, I enjoyed to the utmost, every moment of this beautiful journey, which, all the way, from the Lake of Constance to Munich, possesses attractions and charms that amply repay the traveller for the time and trouble of the tour.

H. W.

(For Dwight's Journal of Music.)

### Beethoven and the Sonata Form.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

The musical composer who writes a sonata is very apt to get snubbed for his pains. If he be true to the spirit of the past he is charged with tameness. If fresh in ideas and allowing himself a fuller participation in the musical ideas (modulations and traits of melody) now current, he is rebuked for his want of the "discreet reserve" always observed by the classic composers.

Let us go further. If he writes a quartette, he shows himself at home in the sonata form, and not infrequently makes an important contribution to musical literature. If he undertakes a symphony, his want of spontaneous imagination betrays itself, (as well as his distrust of the public) and he feels impelled to explain himself by poetic and characterizing titles of the separate movements. But in composing for the pianoforte his avoidance of the sonata form is in the exact ratio to the freshness and vigor of his musical life. The pianoforte composers of the present day who have real originality find themselves compelled to adopt some other form than the sonata. When they write sonatas they do so against their own instinct, merely out of regard to the tradition of their schooling wherein the sonata held the highest place among instrumental forms, and in deference to the voice of critics. In support of this fact I need cite only Mendelssohn,



Chopin, and Schumann, three composers of unquestioned genius, who came on the stage at a time when the sonata form was vastly harder to avoid than now, for in their day all good pianoforte music was in sonata form. Now, thanks mainly to them, there is a large literature of really fine works in a variety of other forms. Coming down to the present generation we find this avoidance of the sonata even more conspicuous. Raff, Jensen, Bargiel—surely these men have musical ideas if musical ideas still exist. But their unanimous voice is in favor of the less strict forms.

It was the perception of these facts that led me on a former occasion to raise the question in these pages whether the sonata form ought still to be regarded as the normal and only perfect form for pianoforte pieces. I have lately taken considerable pains to investigate the sonata question, especially in the light of Beethoven's activity; the general course and results of that investigation I have the honor here to present.

The received doctrine of the Sonata form, as I understand, is this: Joseph Haydn based his sonatas on the *suited* of the Bach era. Haydn's advance beyond Bach is found in the greater unity he imparts to the separate movements, the more elegant and freer thematic treatment, and especially in the fresh and genial spirit which is here for the first time clearly expressed in music. All these works, but especially the symphonies, (in which the form is broader and the ideas more fully treated) manifest the peculiarities of Haydn's genius, especially his tastefulness, delicacy of sentiment, and exquisite sense of symmetry. Nevertheless Haydn's doctrine of musical activity contained one radical error. He held that the *idea* was nothing; the *treatment* everything. The traces of this notion appear frequently throughout his works, trivial or meaningless motives being treated with a patient and loving fancy extremely admirable in itself considered, but by no means to be held in equal estimation with the divine spark—imagination.

Mozart I think did not admit this fallacy of Haydn's, in theory at least, still his works in many places show trivial ideas unduly elaborated. Everywhere in the Mozart works we find the traces of imagination along with a sense of symmetry and a native refinement equal or even superior to Haydn's. Applying these qualities of his genius to the sonata, Mozart is commonly held to have reached the highest degree of formal beauty yet realized in the musical art, and the Mozart sonata is held by the schools to be the ideal sonata in point of form. Those who hold this idea regard Beethoven as having set out in his creative activity with a number of works wherein the spirit of the Mozart sonata was successfully emulated. But that in the deepening individuality of his more mature life, and in the dawn of the humoristic fancy afterwards so characteristic in Schumann, Beethoven allowed himself more to disregard what he thought the comparatively external canons of mere *form* in the pursuit of a more romantic and less evenly-poised imagination, so that by degrees the formal beauty of his works becomes more and more imperfect until the climax in this direction is reached in the later sonatas for the pianoforte.

It is the task of the present paper to consider the real nature of musical form, the kind of authority by which it is to be established (that is, whether by the spontaneous action of genius, or by canons of criticism), and in the light of principles thus arrived at, to consider thoughtfully the real significance of Beethoven's treatment of the sonata for the pianoforte.

Musical form is a department of musical grammar. All laws of grammar are deduced from authoritative

usage, and not laid down *a priori*. Authoritative usage is that of genius where the inspiration is so overpowering and the plastic control of language so complete that the *idea* powerfully seizes and impresses itself upon the mind of its own and subsequent generations. Milton, Shakespeare, Addison, Wordsworth, De Quincey, Ruskin, Tennyson,—these are some of the names who go to constitute authoritative usage in the English language.

Let us advance a step. The quality or relative weight of an authority is to a considerable extent commensurate with the inherent force of the ideal that sought expression in the language. That is to say; I hold it to have been the vigor of De Quincey's thought and imagination that gave point and color to his style, and which ultimately gave authority to his usage. At the same time it is probably true that there are underlying principles of grammar which are eternal, inherent in the nature of thought; and no usage could justify the violation of them. Nevertheless these principles are finally to be deduced from usage. There has never been a revelation of syntax as such, that I have heard of. First we have the strong thinker; then the exact enunciation of his thought. The verbal form truly represents an exact thought; it is therefore logical. The logic of language we call syntax. The work of the grammarian consists in sifting and comparing a great mass of conflicting usages in order to arrive finally at the underlying principle which justifies the good and condemns the bad. The principle when found he "makes a note of" and the school boy gets a new batch of "rules."

We judge musical works by their *contents*. If filled with imagination and sentiment of such force as to seize upon and fully occupy the listener, we call them *great*. If not capable of this completely absorbing a competent listener, no fluency of melody or tastefulness of harmony can make them great; they may be fresh and genial, but lacking contents they cannot be *great*. Asking pardon of the reader for delaying him upon such shocking truisms, I pass to apply this doctrine to the determination of authoritative usage in music. In purely instrumental music the musical world at the present time is united in according to Beethoven the highest place, especially in the splendor and scope of his imagination and the impressiveness and widely varied moods of his feelings (that is to say, in *contents*.) In depth of sentiment Bach contests the place with him.

Mendelssohn is more sentimental; Schumann goes through more varied phases of experience; Schubert had quite as great fluency and more of the romantic. Mozart was elegant, chaste, beautiful, lovely. But as said before when it comes to lofty flights of the imagination, and especially in strong emotion directly and forcibly expressed, no master has yet surpassed Beethoven. The union of these two qualities, scope of imagination and wide range of feeling, and the fact that they are not concealed in his music, but so fully and clearly expressed as to be at once intelligible to every musical hearer, renders Beethoven's usage peculiarly authoritative in all questions of musical form.

The fundamental qualities of good musical form are three: Unity, Symmetry, and Contrast. These are equally indispensable.

These three qualities are spontaneous in Beethoven's music. He never forgets them nor violates them. Mozart is also true to them in a general way. But I suppose no intelligent reader will dispute my assertion that his contrasts are far less marked than Beethoven's, and this in such a way as to indicate that the difference was in the scope of imagination and sentiment. Beethoven was subject to violent extremes of feeling; so is his mu-

sic. Mozart felt the artistic necessity for contrast, and met it to an extent that satisfied his bright and genial spirit, but which appears feeble when placed by the side of one of Beethoven's tremendous transitions of moods, as, for instance, between the headlong *Allegro molo* and the exquisite and soulful *Arioso* in the sonata opus 110. (How transparent that Arioso!)

Let it be granted that the form of the Mozart sonata perfectly satisfied the demands of his musical thought. There would still be reason to think that whenever a new and stronger type of musical thought should arise, it would find itself obliged to effect an important modification of the form which had been entirely satisfactory to the less exacting ideal. Such a higher type did arise in Beethoven; and Beethoven's opinion of the Mozart sonata form we find set forth at great length in the first three sonatas. These works, as compared with any three of Mozart's, manifest equal symmetry, much more powerful contrasts, and especially, and most significant of all, a wonderfully compact unity. Unity is the key-note of the new life that here comes into music. It betokens the vigor and grasp of the imagination; "unity, the type of the divine comprehension," as Ruskin calls it, that foresight that sees the end from the beginning, and co-ordinates every movement in the progress to the production of a definite and vivid artistic conception. That this is the true outline of the progression from Mozart to Beethoven, I have no question whatever. [To be continued.]

### The London Musical Season.

BY HENRY C. LUNN.

(From the Musical Times, Sept. 1.)

In reviewing the principal events of a London musical season, it would of course be impossible to ignore the claims of the two Italian Opera-houses to a large share of our attention, were we merely to be guided by the position assigned to them by the fashionable world. But to those who watch year by year their deteriorating influence upon the taste of the public; who see a few petted vocalists gradually, but surely, sapping the foundations of real art, and who believe that until a musical Cromwell can be found to pull down the tyrannical power of these self-willed monarchs, there will be but small hope for the lyric stage, it can matter but little what round of well-worn works has been gone through during the season, what triumphs have been achieved by the gifted but pampered favorites of the occupants of boxes and stalls, or what *quasi* failures and successes have been made by the new aspirants for public patronage, whose only desire is that they may acquire a sufficiently high position to enable them to imitate the aimless frivolity of the "Queens of Song" who have preceded them. That we especially direct our observations to the *prime donne* of an Operatic company by no means proves that we are not alive to the pretensions of the principal male vocalists; but facts are stubborn things; and, recurring to the past season at Her Majesty's Opera, we may reasonably ask how it is that, without any public announcement of such a step on the part of the management, the price of stalls is invariably raised, "when Madame Christine Nilsson sings;" and that if such a policy is to be pursued, why a sliding-scale is not adopted when the other great vocalists exhibit their talents. Could not something, for instance, be added to the usual tariff to hear Madlle. Titiens (unquestionably the greatest artist in the establishment), and would not the singing of Madame Trebelli-Bellini or of Signor Campanini command a few shillings extra? Again, why are such Operas as "Il Talismano" and others we could name, pushed forward night after night, whilst "Don Giovanni" is played but once, and that on an extra night, for the benefit of the Lessee? It could not be because Mozart's work does not attract, for the house was crowded in every part; but Madame Nilsson—be it known—"created" the character of *Edith Plantagenet*, in Balfe's Opera, and to throw it aside after such an act of condescension might be considered a confession of weakness in her powers of judgment, and therefore the work must be kept in the bills, although to the subscribers it may have seemed too much like

the monster "created" by Frankenstein. At the Royal Italian Opera "Il Guarany," "Luiza Miller," and "Crispino e la Comare" can scarcely be considered Operas to "draw," and yet we find them in the repertoire of the season. We are told that the Lessees of Opera-houses must consult the taste of their subscribers, but we have endeavored to prove that in reality they consult the taste of their singers. If the supporters of these establishments please to be thus ruled, we have nothing to say; but whilst fanatics are nightly bowing before their idols in the fashionable temples, the worship of the true art will unquestionably grow up outside their walls; and though toleration of creeds is one great proof of civilization, there are few persons, we think, who do not long for the time when a belief in the real mission of music shall universally prevail.

Our task of recapitulating the principal features of the past Operatic season will this year be unusually light. At Her Majesty's Opera Madame Nilsson has reigned almost supreme, even "Ernani" and "Roberto Devereux," in both which Operas Madlle. Titiens was, according to the prospectus, to sustain the principal characters, having been set aside in order that the favored *prima donna* might be heard in such parts as *Leonora*, in "Il Trovatore," and *Valentina*, in "Les Huguenots." Of Madlle. Lodi, who was unfortunately compelled, by illness, to quit the establishment, we must speak in most favorable terms, and cannot dismiss her name without expressing a hope that she may return to us renewed in health and strength next season. Madlle. Singelli may be said to have achieved a decided success, her pure soprano voice and facile execution, in spite of a certain coldness of manner, securing for her a large circle of admirers. From the new tenors, Signor Gillandi and M. Achard must be selected as having obtained a high, but not the highest position; and Signor De Reschi, Signor Galassi, Herr Behrens, and Signor Perkins (the last named gentleman having done as much as he can to Italianize his name, according to our Operatic requirements) have added much strength to the department of baritones and basses. The merits of Balfe's Opera "Il Talismano" have already been fully discussed in these columns; and we have little doubt that Time will endorse the justice of the verdict we have pronounced. In his opening prospectus the Lessee says: "He trusts that neither the lovers of 'classical' nor of 'popular' works will have cause to complain of the result." We know not whether the upholders of the "popular" school have reason to be satisfied; but as lovers of the "classical," we desire to place upon record that we do complain.

The season at the Royal Italian Opera has been even more barren than that at the rival establishment; for, with the exception of the production of Verdi's "Luiza Miller," we have had nothing beyond the usual works, of which any person not belonging to the class of "Operatic subscribers" would have been weary years ago. The Lord Mayor's "Queen of Song," Madame Patti, has however been as prominently put forward as she was at the civic banquet to the representatives of "literature and art;" and, as the majority of people go to hear singers and not Operas, the maxim of administering to the "greatest happiness of the greatest number" has been steadily adhered to. We may speak in high terms of Madame Vilda, although both this lady and the tenor, Signor Marini (who may yet live to discover that shouting is not singing), have been heard in this country some years ago. Signor Bolis and Signor Piazza have also succeeded in establishing a fame as reliable tenors, a department which has been occupied for whole seasons by far worse singers. Madlle. Albani has materially increased her reputation this year, and Madlle. Marimon has at least sustained the position she occupied at Her Majesty's Opera. The subject of "pitch," which has recently been so extensively discussed, appears to have unsettled the minds of our Operatic Conductors, without bringing them to any definite conclusion on the matter. Meantime some singers have decided the question by singing at the pitch most convenient to them; and, although at Covent Garden a recognized standard has prevailed during the season, at Drury Lane the poor chorus-singers have been so at the mercy of the principal vocalists that they were compelled to inquire what was to be the pitch for the evening; and if disastrous results followed, we should hardly, therefore, throw the blame on them. Surely some definite system should obtain, for it can scarcely be expected that an Opera can be sung in tune whilst the pitch is to be settled by the *prima donna* for the night.

Giving precedence, by virtue of its age, to the Philharmonic Society, we must express a hope that

it will not rely too securely upon its former position in the world of art. True it is that it has done much for the progress of the highest class music in this country; but to maintain a reputation is as hard a task as to acquire one; and all who have the interest of this Institution at heart must see that it is too apt to ignore the necessity of any reform in its management. To take solid ground in the present day it must lead, instead of follow, public taste; and we are only echoing a widely spread opinion when we say that the orchestra needs renovation if the Society would compete successfully with others that are growing up around it. Mr. Cusins, the Conductor, is too good a musician not to be aware of this fact; and although he has satisfactorily led his forces to the end of the season, it behoves him, like an efficient General, to make the best use of the time which must elapse before they are again called into active service.

The Crystal Palace has been unusually active during the year, and Mr. Manns deserves the utmost credit for his unwearied exertions in the cause of good music. To Sydenham, indeed, we are now accustomed to look for novelty in orchestral and choral works; and foreign artists of reputation seem to consider an appearance at the now celebrated Saturday concerts a positive necessity before quitting our shores. The illustrations of National music were a severe test; for, like all public exhibitions of the progress of various countries, they must show weakness as well as strength; a mere display of wealth may blind us to the presence of poverty, but when both have to be dragged forward into the light of day, the result is at least hazardous. What was done, however, was well done; and if more attention were paid to the solo vocal music; or, better still perhaps, if the choir were placed under vigorous training, and only pieces requiring chorus and orchestra given, the concerts would be everything that could be desired. The Handel Festival, too, must not be forgotten in the record of important musical events. Upon the tampering with the scores of a composer, who unquestionably knew best what he meant, we have already spoken freely in our report upon the performance. We hold our opinion even upon the question of "additional accompaniments;" but, passing over this matter, we cannot admit that putting a few bars of symphony where Handel has purposely commenced with the voices, and altering his own treatment of various instruments can be justified, especially when such innovation is not previously submitted to a competent jury of musicians. The success of the Festival, however, is a proof of the steady worship of the great master's works in England; and we sincerely hope that we may look forward with confidence to the periodical recurrence of a musical demonstration which reflects so much credit upon the Sacred Harmonic Society, and its talented and indefatigable Conductor.

The steady improvement of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, under the systematic training of Mr. Barnby, has been sufficiently evinced by the execution of the works given during the past season. Handel's "Theodora," and Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," are compositions demanding not only the faculty of singing the right notes, and a blind obedience to the Conductor, but a loyalty to the cause of high class music which, with so large a body of executants, is not always to be relied upon; and the thanks of all, therefore, are due for so efficient a presentation of two specimens of their composers' genius hitherto almost unknown in this country. The Oratorios in Holy week, too, have been again given, Bach's "St. Matthew Passion Music" once more asserting the supremacy of its power to move the hearts of thousands to a due appreciation of the solemnity of the occasion, and increasing our wonder that such a work should for years have slumbered in obscurity.

The Sacred Harmonic Society, by the production of Mr. G. A. Macfarren's Oratorio, "St. John the Baptist," for the first time in London, has proved that it has at least its moments of wakefulness; and we believe that we speak the feelings of the subscribers when we say that a performance of this work next season will be anxiously looked for. May we also hint that if a little of that spirit which prompted the resuscitation of "Israel in Egypt" many years ago should be still left in the Society, it may be exercised in making the public acquainted with several sacred compositions the excessive beauties of which have long been the admiration of students.

Of the objects of the "British Orchestral Society" we have before spoken; and see no reason, from

the experience of the past season, to modify our opinion. If better concerts are given by this Association than can be found elsewhere, there will be no occasion to complain of want of patronage; but that the public cares one bit where the members of the orchestra were born we take leave to doubt, and indeed should be extremely sorry if it could be proved that such a feeling existed. The "Monday Popular Concerts" are fast justifying the title assumed when the compositions performed were by no means "popular;" and the growth of the public taste for chamber-music is still further shown by the patronage accorded to those excellent concerts given at St. George's Hall, under the name of "Musical Evenings." The "Wagner Society" has succeeded in intensifying the desire of the admirers of this composer to hear his works on the Operatic stage; but we cannot believe that the yearly presentation of the same pieces can further serve the cause. All praise, however, is due to Herr Dannreuther for the zeal and energy he has invariably displayed in conducting the concerts of the Society. The performances of Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir must be mentioned as having a distinctive feature, which has this year been more than usually kept in view; and special praise should be given to Mr. William Coven, whose "Chamber Concerts of Modern Music" have been steadily persevered in, to the great delight of the chosen few who favored him with their patronage.

A great deal of virtuous indignation has been publicly expressed respecting, as it appears to us, the right of delivering an opinion upon pianists as they severally appear before a London audience; and we are told that we should admire both the conception and execution of certain works of artists who have made their fame, because their departure from a preconceived ideal of perfection is a proof of their "individuality." Now this appears to us a repetition of the very injustice complained of; for although a variety of readings of a composition may be freely admitted, surely a particular reading may offend, more especially when the effect is that the individuality of the performer is infinitely more prominent than that of the composer. No person who has heard Mendelssohn would deny that there was an "individuality" in his playing; but the charm exercised over his listeners by this very peculiarity was due to the fact of his placing himself *en rapport* with his author, and earnestly endeavoring to expound his meaning, irrespective of any desire to exhibit himself. We have no wish to disturb the equanimity of those who can listen with pleasure to wrong notes, eccentric alterations of tempo, and passages tortured from the original to show the dexterity of the player; but we claim the like indulgence to ourselves if we cannot do so; and when we express dissatisfaction at the apparent victory of the "wonderful" over the "beautiful," it is only because we see that the progress of truth is temporarily impeded. We have too much faith to doubt the result, and therefore can afford to wait patiently, convinced that if a "higher development" of pianoforte playing should ever permanently obtain, it will be by raising the artist to the level of the art, and not by pulling down the art to the level of the artist. After these few preliminary observations, we may perhaps be credited with sincerity when we say that Dr. Hans von Bülow, Madlle. Krebs, Madame Essipoff, and M. Duvernoy should receive a cordial welcome as artists of the highest rank. Their various readings of the standard works ought to command our earnest attention, because they are all the result of profound study; but if the impression produced upon the hearer by their several styles is not to be honestly recorded, the duty of the critic will sink to that of an artistic court-newsman, whose employment it will be merely to chronicle the doings of those who rule for the hour, accompanied by as much flattery as loyal subjects usually demand from such an official.

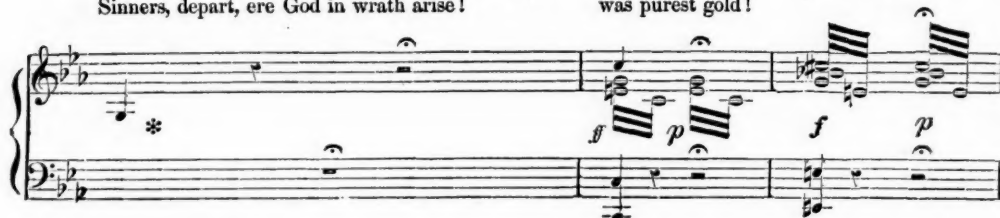
The formation of the "Musical Artists' Society," for the trial of new works, and of a Society for the study of the art and science of Music, where Papers are to be read by the members, must be mentioned amongst the events of the year, especially as the constitution of both these Associations seems of a sufficiently solid character to lead us to anticipate good results. We may also say that the Festivals given during the last autumn at Bristol and Glasgow, and those which are to take place this year at Gloucester, Leeds, and Liverpool, afford abundant evidence that the demand for good music is now widely spread; for there can be no question that, although Charity is a powerful incentive to action, those who promote these gatherings would be loth to undertake the task were they not confident that



flow'r .....  
 flow'r, Re - vive each ten - - - der  
 flow'r, Re - vive each ten - - - der  
 flow'r ..... herb .....  
 flow'r .....  
 flow'r, Re - vive each ten - - - der  
 flow'r, Re - vive each ten - - - der  
 flow'r ..... each herb .....  
 herb ..... and flow'r .....  
 herb ..... and flow'r .....  
 and flow'r .....  
 herb ..... and flow'r .....  
 herb ..... and flow'r .....  
 .... and flow'r .....  
 Ped.

## JOAD.

Earth, lend an ear! O heaven, regard my cries! How is that sordid Who is the slaughter'd  
Say not, O Jacob, sleep seals great Jehovah's eyes; lead, which once pontiff I behold?  
Sinners, depart, ere God in wrath arise! was purest gold!



Pefidious city, mourn!  
Jerusalem,

Behold thy prophets slain.  
O weep for them!

Thy God no longer  
looks on thee with  
favour!

*Andante a tempo.*



Thine incense burns no  
more with holy savour!

Where do those women and  
their children go?

The Lord hath laid the Queen  
of cities low!

*Allegro molto.*



Her priests are captives!

Her monarchs  
are rejected!

Her godly rites Down temple!  
forsaken, unprotected! Cedars, burn! Je-

*Andante.*



rusalem! for thee, What hand hath made And changed mine eyes Which flows for griefs  
for thee I mourn! thy loveliness a dream? — to sources of that stream, like thine?



AZARIAS.  
O holy temple!  
JOSABETH. O David!  
CHORUS SPEAKER.

Remember Zion, Lord: do not withhold  
the blessings she received from Thee of old!

*Andante a tempo.*



JOAD. A new Jerusalem appears  
In yonder desert, darting brilliant rays:  
Her stately brow a stamp immortal bears!  
All nations chant her praise!



The old Jerusalem thus brightly never shone!  
Are all that gather round her throne  
Her children?—She hath made them all her own.



Jerusalem, lift up thy head and see,  
Awe'd by thy grandeur, monarchs bow to thee!  
Kings of all nations, dazzled by thy glory,  
Kissing thy dust, do homage and adore thee.

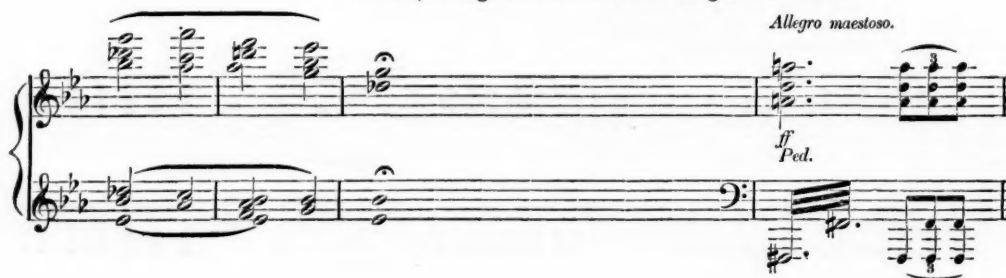


Blessed are they, who thus for Zion feel  
Their souls inflamed with holy fervid zeal!  
Bedew the earth, O heav'n, with saving grace,  
And send redemption for the human race!





JOSABETH. ♪ Alas ! from whence will come this signal favour ?  
If all the kings whose line should bring this Saviour ?—



JOAD (to JOSABETH.)  
♪ The gorgeous diadem, prepare it now ;—  
That David wore on his anointed brow.

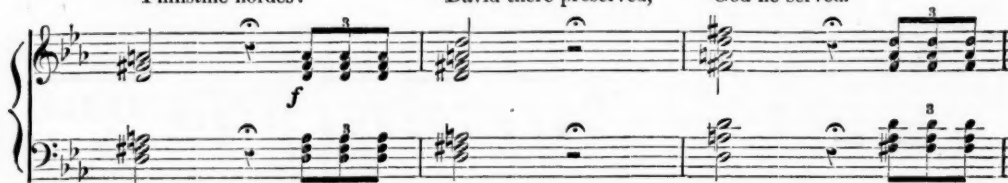
(to the LEVITES.)  
♪ And ye, to arm yourselves, will follow me  
To the secluded armoury ; where we  
Have secreted the lances and the swords,



♪ Stain'd with the blood of the  
Philistine hordes :

♪ Those arms, victorious  
David there preserved,

♪ And dedicated to the  
God he served.



♪ Can we employ them in a nobler cause,  
Than to uphold Religion and her laws ?

*Exeunt Joad and the Levites.*





they could rely upon a pecuniary as well as an artistic success.

Mr. Bellasis, by the publication of his interesting book on Cherubini, has recently reminded us that, whilst forming a Society for the performance of the music of the future, we are ignoring much excellent music of the past; and we may reasonably hope that so able an advocate may produce some good result. The chronological list of Cherubini's works, included in the volume alluded to, must astonish persons who know this author only by the few specimens ever heard in this country; and we believe that those who arrange the programmes of our greatest musical performances might consult their own interest by presenting some works by a composer who has earned the enthusiastic admiration of such men as Mendelssohn and Spohr. We sincerely hope that the narrow policy of excluding any but universally accredited compositions, pursued year after year at the two Italian Opera-houses, will be rigidly confined to the Lessees of these establishments; and that the Directors of our numerous Societies will see that with them alone rests the responsibility of either aiding or retarding the healthful progress of music in England.

### The Montpensier Pictures.

This noted collection of paintings is now open to the public at the Athenæum gallery. Mr. Charles C. Perkins, the art critic and lecturer, who has been active in the establishment of the Museum of Fine Arts, is the reputed author of the following descriptions of the pictures, which originally appeared in the *Boston Journal*:

The collection of pictures lent to the trustees of the Museum of Fine Arts at Boston, by his royal highness the Duke de Montpensier, will be opened to the public at the Athenæum about the 15th of September. When the announcement was made at the beginning of the year that the duke had offered to make this loan the interest of all lovers of art throughout the country was excited. In proof of this we cannot forbear quoting the following paragraph from a letter written by Charles Sumner to a gentleman in this city in March last:

"The thought of those pictures has cheered, almost thrilled me. I wish they could come in a national vessel, as Thorwaldsen was carried from Italy home in a king's frigate."

Unexpected difficulties, resulting from the novel character of the undertaking, at one time threatened to put a stop to it. The pictures were to be sent to Boston in the month of April, but as this turned out to be impossible, it was thought better to postpone their shipment until August, rather than to have them arrive here in the middle of the summer. In the meantime existing impediments were removed, and the way rendered easy by the generous offer of the Cunard Company to bring the pictures free of charge by way of Liverpool to Boston, and by the kind consent of the United States consul at Gibraltar, Mr. Horatio Sprague, to receive them from Mr. Engelbach, the duke's agent, and to see them safely shipped. This he did on the 20th of August, and if the pictures reach England in time to catch the steamer of the 27th from Liverpool, they will be in Boston by the 9th or 10th of September. As it is desirable that the public should clearly understand the circumstances which have brought about this result, it may be well to state them as briefly as possible. Some time last year the duke, influenced by the troubled condition of Spain, sent the fifty-five most valuable pictures in his palace of San Telmo, at Seville, to Gibraltar, with the intention of forwarding them to London, where Sir Francis Grant, the president of the Royal Academy, had offered to exhibit them. He, however, afterwards found himself obliged to decline to do so, on account of the necessity of giving up the halls of the Royal Academy to the pictures of the late Sir Edwin Landseer until the time appointed for the annual exhibition. Thus it happened that the Montpensier pictures were left in the custom house at Gibraltar, where, being safe on English ground, they might have remained for months or years to come, had not a Boston gentleman, Mr. Arthur Codman, passing through Gibraltar on his way to Tenerife for the winter, heard of them; conceived the idea that as they could not go to England they might come to America; and written to friends at home, that if proper representations were made to the duke and guarantees offered by responsible persons, it was not impossible that he might give his consent. Application was immediately made to the duke, through Mr. Laugel, the well-known and highly accomplished author, who had long filled the office of private secretary to the Duc d'Aumale, and who, both by his influence with the Orleans princes and his knowledge of the parties concerned on this side of the Atlantic, was, as the event proved, admirably qualified to serve as a negotiator. The duke consented to the request of the trustees, as proffered by M. Laugel, on condition that the pictures should be insured against marine and fire risk, on the valuations set down in the list which he sent to Boston, accompanied with a letter, of which the following is an extract:

"I have received, with great satisfaction, the letter which you did me the honor to write to me in your name, and in the name of the trustees of the Museum of Fine Arts at Boston, concerning the loan of a certain number of works of art to your gallery from my palace of San Telmo at Seville. In making this loan, I rejoice to think that the first time these pictures leave the place where they belong it will be to occupy one in an American museum. It will afford me great pleasure to think that I have thus been able to aid in spreading and developing a noble love of the arts in that great nation, to which so

many bonds have so long united the members of my family. Three generations of it have already had the rare good fortune to admire on the spot, and to defend the free institutions of the United States, and I shall never forget the generous offers which were made to me in critical times by worthy representatives of your great country."

Several of the greatest painters of the seventeenth century, the period of the highest development of the Spanish school, are represented by important works in the Montpensier collection, and one, Murillo, who stands second only to Velasquez in the ranks of Spanish artists, by a masterpiece valued at \$100,000. This is "La Vierge aux Langes," so called from the swaddling clothes upon which the infant Christ lies. Painted for the count of Aquilla, it remained in his family at Seville until 1840, when it was bought by Baron Taylor for the Spanish gallery of King Louis Philippe at the Louvre. After the death of the king it was purchased by the Duke de Montpensier, who brought it back to Seville. Lady Herbert refers to it in her "Impressions of Spain" as one of "two most exquisite Murillos" which she saw in the gallery of San Telmo.

Another of the greatest Spanish masters, Francisco de Zurbarán, whom Sir William Sterling Maxwell characterizes as the "peculiar painter of monks, as is Raphael of Madonnas and Rivera of martyrs," and whom Philip IV. called "Painter to the King and the King of Painters," contributes five pictures. One of these is a praying monk, which we remember to have seen in the Spanish gallery at the Louvre many years ago, and which has always remained present to us as a type of powerful effect in the management of light and shade. The other four pictures by this Spanish Caravaggio, formed, with two smaller pieces now at Berlin, the great altar piece of the famous Carthusian convent at Cadiz. They hung in the Louvre until 1840, and were bought at London in the following year by the Duke de Montpensier. Their subjects are the "Annunciation," the "Adoration of the Shepherds," the "Adoration of the Magi" and the "Circumcision," and they are valued by the duke at the aggregate sum of \$120,000.

Of the three pictures by Velasquez, the greatest of Spanish painters, and one of the greatest of the world's artists, one, long supposed to be a portrait of himself, was left as a legacy by Lord Stanish to King Louis Philippe; the other two, said to be the original studies for the splendid equestrian portraits at Madrid of Philip IV., and of his minister, the Duke d'Olivera, were purchased from the banker of Salamanca by Queen Isabella, and presented to her sister, the Duchess de Montpensier. The two engravings which exist in the Calografía at Madrid were probably made from these masterly sketches.

Of Ribera, commonly called Lo Spagnoletto, a Spaniard who passed the greater part of his life at Naples, there is but one example—Cato of Utica tearing out his entrails. Sir William Sterling Maxwell, who saw it in the Spanish gallery at the Louvre, speaks of it in his "Lives of the Spanish Painters" as a "masterpiece of horror too frightful to be remembered without a shudder." This verdict might be rendered upon many of Ribera's pictures, which would be often unbearable on account of their subjects, were it not that the vigorous way in which they are painted, the powerful effect of their chiaroscuro, and their able anatomical delineation render them technically interesting.

Other eminent Spanish masters represented in the collection are Juan Van der Leal, by a study for the great picture of the discovery of the Holy Cross in the Charity Hospital at Seville; Luis de Morales, surnamed The Divine, by a Madonna holding the dead Christ in her arms, a subject called by the Italians the *Pieta*; Francisco Herrera, the elder, by a St. Augustine and the Doctors of the Church, painted as was its "pendant," St. Jerome and the Doctors of the Church, by Francisco Herrera, the younger, for the convent of St. Jerome at Seville; Herrera, the younger, also painted two landscapes bought by the duke out of a private gallery at Seville.

The two other Spanish masters represented in this collection are Juan de Ribalta, by the ecstasy of St. Francis of Assisi, and Atanasio Bocanegra, by the Repentant Magdalen divesting herself of her jewels. One of the most interesting works of art sent to us is a small portrait of the Constable de Bourbon, in painted enamel, signed by the celebrated artist, Leonard de Limoges, first director of the royal manufactory of enamels, founded in that town by Francis I. in the sixteenth century. Visitors to the exhibition will do well to examine the very beautiful arguere (water pitcher) by this same artist, which is kept in a case in the second room of the museum, together with other enamels by Courtois and Penicaut, who worked at Limoges at the same period. As Leonard was especially famous for his portraits, and as he rarely signed his works, the portrait of the Constable de Bourbon is worthy of attention, apart from its historic interest as the likeness of the man who led the wild German mercenaries of Frondberg to besiege Rome in 1527, and was slain by a shot fired by Benvenuto Cellini from the Castle of St. Angelo, as he himself tells us in his well-known autobiography. Among painters not of the Spanish school whose works are to be found in the Montpensier collection are Sebastian del Piombo, the pupil of Giorgione, by the union of whose Venetian coloring with his own powerful drawing Michael Angelo strove to eclipse the divine Raphael, "The Holy Family," by this painter, is valued in the list at \$20,000.

Other pictures by foreign masters are two by Jacopo Bassano; one of "Lions in Repose," from the collection of the count of Altamira at Madrid, by Snyders; a landscape with figures, by Antoine Vandermeulen, from the same collection; two very fine landscapes by Salvator Rosa, from the gallery of the Vista Alegre, at Madrid; three landscapes by Pietro Ortoni; and an interior by Van Ostade. Besides these works of the old masters, the collection contains several modern pictures by artists of note. One of these is by Francois Granet, well known as the painter of the interior of the Capuchin Convent at Rome. It represents a lay brother in charge of the refectory. There are also pictures by Henri Lehmann—"The Water Nymphs weeping upon the Rock of Prometheus," painted in 1844, and given by Louis Philippe to his son, the Duke de Montpensier, in 1846, and "The Sirens seeking to entice Ulysses," afterward painted expressly for the duke as a "pendant."

The twenty-two other small pictures which form the complement of the collection were painted by Tony Johannot, and engraved for the famous edition of the "Gos-

pels" and that of the "Imitation of Christ," issued by Carmer, the well-known publisher of "Les Heures d'Anne de Bretagne" and other splendid illuminated works.

From the above account it will be seen that, thanks to the liberality of the Duke de Montpensier, an American city is for the first time to possess, for a year at least, a very valuable collection of pictures by some of the best masters of the Spanish school. Although it would be absurd to pretend that they are represented in it by their finest works, which are only to be found in the Spanish galleries, these pictures offer an opportunity for enjoyment to the general public hitherto unattainable on this side of the Atlantic; and to American artists a chance for study such as they have never before enjoyed out of Europe. We had heard with feelings of longing and envy of the opportunities which liberal-minded men like Sir Richard Wallace offered to the English public of seeing their splendid pictures, and of the loan collections temporarily formed at Kensington, at Manchester, and at Leeds, and had never dared to hope that any one would be found willing to set an example of still greater liberality to the world by sending pictures across the wide ocean to delight transatlantic amateurs. Nevertheless such a Mæcenæ has been found in the person of a prince of the house of Orleans, through whom the Museum of Fine Arts of Boston will be able to boast that it first among American institutions exhibited to the citizens of the United States a finer collection of pictures by the old masters than any hitherto seen in this country. *Hoc erat in notis*, and we sincerely rejoice that prayers, apparently so hopeless, have been answered, trusting at the same time that visitors from all parts of the Union will prove to the duke that his liberality is fully appreciated, and encourage others, who are rich in such treasures, to follow his example.

### Spanish Painting.

It is a singular fact in the history of art that the existence of the Spanish school of painting was practically unknown beyond the Pyrenees up to the close of the last century. A few of the works of Velasquez and Murillo, chiefly gifts of Spanish monarchs, were to be found in the various European capitals, but they excited little interest. An artist, Ceau Bermudez, was the unconscious means of rescuing his countrymen from their unmerited obscurity. His dictionary of Spanish artists, published in 1800, gave not only a list of their principal works, but also the places in which they were to be found. This information proved invaluable to Marshal Soult, Napoleon's "plunder-master-general," when, a few years later, he assumed the command of the French in the south of the peninsula. Armed with "the catalogue of Ceau Bermudez in one hand, and a double-edged sword in the other," he ransacked churches and convents, carrying as spoils to Paris many of the noblest works of Murillo, Zurbarán and other Andalusian artists. Paris was still further enriched at the expense of Spain, when, in 1835, the Spanish government passed a decree for the suppression of monasteries and the appropriation of church property. This caused vast numbers of pictures to be offered for sale throughout the kingdom, many of the finest of which were eagerly bought by the agents of Louis Philippe, father of the Duke de Montpensier, who placed them in the Louvre. These two collections, which included the choicest treasures of Spanish art, first opened the eyes of the world to the fact that Spain not only had a school of painting peculiar to itself, but that it was a school which claimed a rank, by virtue of its merit, second only to that of Italy. So rapidly did it rise in the public estimation that in 1852 a part of Soult's collection brought over £60,000 at auction, one picture alone, the Conception, by Murillo, being sold for nearly £25,000, the highest price which was ever paid for a single painting.

The one distinguishing characteristic of Spanish art is its originality. There is to be discovered in it no element of the antique. It owes little or nothing to any school. Unlike the French and German, Italy had no attractions for the Spaniard, and the Italian masters exercised no appreciable influence over the few who visited Florence and Rome. This originality, which is to be observed in the literature as well as the art of Spain, is to be ascribed chiefly to the power of the church during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. She was the sole patron of the artist, and accordingly his inspiration was drawn wholly from religious sources, and, like the architect of the middle ages, he became "the exponent of a people's faith." She prescribed not only the subjects but also the manner of the treatment. Exact rules were laid down for the painting of certain Scriptural scenes, which were to be followed under penalty of fine or imprisonment. Dreading all novelty as a heresy in religion, "the early forms and prototypes were maintained because associated with the people's reverence from their cradle." Inspectors visited the studios from time to time with powers to efface the unorthodox and nude. The beautiful was opposed on principle, lest, as had already happened in Italy through the glowing graces of Titian and Corregio, art should be secularized and the moral and religious should be overpowered.

This iron despotism confined the genius of the artist within narrow channels. But it was not a restraint under which he chafed and rebelled, but one which developed and gave full play to his powers. All his strength being concentrated, as it were, upon a single theme, he treated it with a strength and truthfulness which the artist of no other school could equal. His aim, from his first rude sketches to the highest efforts of his matured powers, was to paint, not for a single class, but for men of every rank and condition of life. And it is his crowning glory that he has produced works "which appeal to the feelings and perceptions of all men." He has few rivals in giving an intense devotional expression, in his "power of submitting to those who could see and feel, but could not read, a faithful, matter-of-fact impersonation of the Spanish faith." That which characterizes Don Quixote and distinguishes it from all else in literature equally characterizes the paintings of Spain's noblest artists. The Spaniard needs neither education nor culture to feel the power of Cervantes, Velazquez and Murillo.

Of this, then, we may be assured,—that whether the pictures at the Athenæum please or not, they are intensely truthful representations of Spanish thought and belief. And as such, leaving out all view of æsthetic enjoyment, they are worthy of the closest study.—*Advertiser, Sept. 24.*

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 3, 1874.

### The Religion of Music.

[Concluded from page 302.]

A musical man is less likely than another to quarrel with the Churches, any of them, unless with their intolerance. Music readily accommodates itself. Asking no questions, it lovingly associates itself with whatever of true feeling, aim and aspiration it may find in any of their forms; it is with their Humanity, with the common religion at the bottom of them all, that it has to do. When it sings the words of hymn or Mass, it sings something better than the words; a *Credo* of its own, as broad as all Humanity; a prayer in which all souls may join. The *spirit* of the service, not the letter, not the doctrine, is all with which its tones can have affinity. If there be bigotry in any church, it is in spite of its good music; to that bane music, true and truly felt, is just so far an antidote.

Music cannot be sectarian. It will be seen that sects, as they grow musical, begin to get rid somehow of the sectarian virus. The sternest orthodoxy of the music-loving German congregations does not prevent a much more genial, happy, free and hearty life, than our unæsthetic Calvinism dared to trust itself withal, until quite lately, (and still reluctantly and timidly), now that, with the other liberalizing, humanizing influences of the age, music too has acquired a certain respectability in most eyes, and music schools and choruses and concerts furnish eager occupation for so many thousands. Here is a new instinct of a new culture springing into life; the gloomy old faith opens the windows of its narrow rooms to let the air and sunshine in; it lets in music; it courts acquaintance with the other arts, and begins to have some dim ideals of a "beauty of holiness," where there was thought to be a virtue formerly in making all repulsive. These are good signs. Even our hearty, devout friends, the Methodists, the Puritans *par excellence* in discipline, as they are strictly orthodox in doctrine, are drifting into a beautiful dilemma. With prohibition and denial for the very key note of their education, they too seem latterly inspired with an ambition for æsthetic culture; they court acquaintance with Fine Arts, above all with Music. Which will prevail: the Puritanic glacier pushing its cold foot down into our happy valley, or the all-melting genial sun?

It is common to distinguish between "Sacred"

and "Secular" music,—music in the Church, and music outside the church. But music of the highest, inspired kind does away virtually with the whole distinction between secular and sacred. It sings the heart's deepest prayer and its most glowing faith in whatsoever form or place, in hymn, anthem, oratorio, mass, opera, symphony or song. Coupled with the words of any creed, it still insinuates its own generous interpretation; it knows no scheme of doctrine; it knows love, trust, penitence, hope, gratitude and praise; can roll out the *Magnificat* from a full heart, through all the diapason, but has not considered the question of the Trinity. So too, when professing nothing sacred, when wordless altogether, like a Symphony or String Quartet, it lifts the thoughts away into the life eternal, and gives experience of religion. It makes the Sunday as free and happy as the weekday; it makes the week day just as good as Sunday. There is always a calm Sabbath of the soul in the complete enjoyment of true music, filling the breast with light and love. The one condition to it is that the music shall be Art—sincere, true, earnest, what Mr. Ruskin has called "modest" Art. It is the same with all the Arts. And herein lies the explanation (mainly) of a fact which has to be confessed: that artists and musicians, notably the best of them, rather as the rule than the exception, are but indifferent church-goers. It is not from want of veneration, of respect for the ways and opinions of others; they do not noisily decry that which they do not feel themselves the need of;—it is simply that their Art is to them religion; they are preoccupied with something quite as good. They also serve the highest in their own way, quarrelling not with others' ways, and having as little sympathy with rude iconoclasm, as they have with the opposite intolerance.

The great men, too, of warring sects, while rank and file may quarrel, find that they can afford to meet each other on good genial terms; for they have lived enough to find out that better than the best of doctrine is it to be nobly, generously human.

Now Music in the church, accommodating itself to all the words and forms, either interprets all in its own larger sense, brings out the feeling in which all honest hearts may share, eliminates the Religious Sentiment from statements and traditions overlaying it, using the words merely for a vehicle,—which it always does when it is *great* music, when it is true Art, really inspired;—or, if the fetters of the creed and service are too rigid, its free spirit becomes cramped and tamed into monotonous, dull formula, as in some established churches, where the *Te Deum* and the chant, reduced to mere dull pomp and dignity of style, yet lack the spontaneity and charm of genius, and music, after so long playing second fiddle, has become stiffened into ritual, losing the vitality of Art. Heirloom from Palestrina it may be, this Church of England music, but at each remove, weaker and weaker variation upon its great original.

In the Roman Church, which has done so much for all the Arts, the instinct of its own preservation, the hope to maintain itself in all the fulness of its old claim against the freer spirit of the age, seems to have led more and more into the employment of music as a temptation to entice the idle masses in, upon the older Roman principle of "*panem et circenses*," bread and games, a plenty of amusement; so that the music of the Mass has grown sensual, sensational, operatic, sentimental, with too rare exceptions.

In our plain Puritanic meeting houses, where music—only yesterday beginning to be treated with much more than Scotch Presbyterian indulgence—is kept strictly secondary to the pulpit, and indeed down to a low depth of insignificance, and very stingily provided for, Music offers but a barren prospect across endless monotony of endless multiplicity of psalm tunes, made to pattern by machine, chiefly for the benefit of those who trade in such, and whose cue it is to make the market that they

may have the business of supplying it. Improvement is beginning, here and there, in single choirs; exceptions, quite refreshing, are becoming frequent. Yet how little of great music is there in the churches!

Far more genuine is the German Choral, which is *not* multiplied indefinitely without religious or artistic motive. These old tunes, of the Lutheran Churches, born out of the depths of religious experience, sung by old and young, dear in every house from infancy, where they have always been associated with the verses of the same hymn, have genius in them; and an unescaping sweetness. Each is a pregnant germ of music, which great men like Bach developed into the largest, most imposing forms of Art. Far greater music has been written for the church, than any church is rich enough in piety to feel that it can afford to hear.

Has Music ever yet fulfilled its highest function? Hardly. It has only been foreshadowed. It never can be realized until the greatest music written, or to be written, may be produced under the same conditions of respectful, undisturbed, devout attention that are found in public worship in the churches. We need, besides the separate sectarian churches in which so many different parties of believers seek religious comfort severally, and which may still go on as long as they are needed, we all need, in each community, a central universal temple, what we might call a church or temple of all souls, where meeting in the name of the Religious Sentiment in its broadest sense and undefined, ignoring all partition walls of doctrine, we may simply worship and aspire to truer life and full communion, each with all, and with the common Father, solely through the medium of the common language, which is Music. Here listening to the grandest and divinest music, now plain chorals, now a Bach's Passion, now a Symphony of Beethoven, now a Handel's "Messiah," or whatever else has sprung from great souls blessed with the faculty of musical creation, we should feel drawn nearer to one another, nearer to God, conceive Him as we may. It should be a temple in the rearing and significant adornment of which Art in every form should do its nearest to a perfect work, each Art exhaust its possibility with a divine, disinterested fervor. The old Gothic Cathedrals, miracles of Art, dating from a period when Art realized its mission as entirely holy, never come again; another age cannot produce them; the genius is faded out and gone; such wealth, and multitudinous long labor, cannot now be concentrated upon any public work, as moved then at the bidding of that middle-age religion, intolerant and superstitious as it was. But the new faith which needs no dogmas, broad as Humanity, Catholic in the complete sense only typified, foreshadowed by the old Church which wears the name, will it not awaken a yet greater genius and invent a richer Unitary architecture, and kindle an enthusiasm and devotion to accomplish its designs? There day by day might noblest music wake the spirit of the place, and thrill the souls of any who might feel the inward call to enter.

This is a dream, no doubt, and its accomplishment far off. But is not the whole progress of Society,—like that of Science, which shall reach its crown in Social Science, much already talked about—in the direction of unity of man with man, with nature and with God? Meanwhile, as the religious sentiment is always in advance of actual life, why may not all who long to worship in no narrower sense or name than that, begin already in some humble way to blend their prayers and aspirations in a service purely or mainly musical, ignoring dogmas and divisions, and arching over all the walls of difference like the blue dome of the universal heavens? Then perhaps it would be realized how all great music, whether composed for the church, or for the concert room, or even for the theatre, may be equally religious. For all good music has religion in it, being in itself divine.

### Harvard Symphony Concerts.

The Concert Committee of the Harvard Musical Association have nearly completed the arrangements for the Tenth Series of Ten Symphony Concerts. They will begin on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 5, at the Music Hall, and will be continued at intervals of a fortnight, with the exception of one of three weeks, and one concert which must come on Friday.

The price of season tickets (for ten concerts) will be \$8.00,—single admission \$1.00. The public sale of season tickets will be opened at the Music Hall on Monday, Oct. 19. As heretofore, the members



of the Association and those who have joined with them in guaranteeing the concerts beforehand by their several pledges of season tickets, will have already had the first choice of seats (taking their turns by lot.) But it may interest many music-loving people to know that any person may secure a chance in this preliminary private choice of seats by giving his name (before the 15th of October) to any member of the Association, either directly, or, if he does not know any member, through Mr. Peck, at the Music Hall, Mr. Prüfer in West St., or through the editor of this Journal.

Mr. ZERRAHN will conduct the orchestral works, as heretofore, and Mr. LANG the vocal works in which "THE CECILIA" club will sing. Mr. BERNHARD LISTEMANN will return to his old place at the head of the violins, bringing with him, as further valuable accessions to the orchestra, Mr. F. LISTEMANN, and Mr. GRAMM (violin), Mr. HARTDEGEN (cello), Mr. WEINER (late first flute of Theo. Thomas), and Mr. BELZ, who probably has no superior in this country as a hornist. The orchestra will consist of sixty instruments;—12 first violins, 10 second, 8 violas, 6 violoncellos, 6 double basses, with the usual reeds and brass, &c.

The whole scheme of programmes cannot yet be set forth in all the details; but some of them are in the main definitively settled, and some of the leading features of the rest may be with confidence announced,—liable, of course, more or less to accidents. The Committee charged with the selection of the music hope to be able to produce all of the following works at least, while taking time to fill the gaps in various programmes in the most interesting way that circumstances will permit. The pieces marked \* are given for the first time in these concerts; those marked \*\*, for the first time in Boston,—some of them for the first time in this country.

#### 1st Concert, Thursday, November 5.

1. \*\*Overture to "Faust,".....Spohr
2. \*Concert Aria: "Infelice,".....Mendelssohn  
MISS ABIEE WHINEY.
3. Piano Concerto, E minor,.....Chopin  
MADAME MADELINE SCHILLER.
4. \*\*Chaconne (orchestra) from "Orpheus,".....Gluck
1. Songs.
2. Seventh Symphony,.....Beethoven

#### 2d Concert, November 19.

1. \* "The First Walpurgis Night": Ballad, for Chorus of mixed voices, solos, and Orchestra; the poem by Goethe, music by.....Mendelssohn  
(First appearance of THE CECILIA; Conductor, B. J. LANG).
2. Symphony, No. 1, in D,.....Mozart
3. \*Old English Madrigals,.....Wilde, &c.  
THE CECILIA.
4. Overture to "Les Abencerrages,".....Cherubini

#### 3d Concert, December 3.

- \*\*Orchestral Suite, No. 1, in D minor. (Prelude; Minuet: Variations and March; Introduction and Fugue),.....Fr. Lachner
- \*Overture in F,.....Norb. Burgmüller  
&c., &c.

#### 4th Concert, December 24.

- a. Christmas Hymn, alla capella [1609].....Pratorius
- b. [?] Hymn of Shepherds, from "L'Enfance du Christ,".....Bertius
- c. Pastoral Symphony and Choral, from Christmas Cantata,.....Bach  
THE CECILIA, and Orchestra.
2. \*Three Short Marches:
  - a. From "Figaro,".....Mozart
  - b. "Magic Flute,"....." "
  - c. "Fidelio,".....Beethoven
3. \*\*Overture to Calderon's "Dame Kobold,".....Reinecke
1. \*Chorus of Elves (Lullaby) from "Oberon,".....Weber  
THE CECILIA.
2. Symphony in D minor,.....Schumann

#### 5th Concert, Jan. 7, 1875.

1. Overture,.....Beethoven
2. \*\*Piano Concerto, C minor,.....Gernsheim  
E. PERABO.
3. Aria.
1. \*Unfinished Symphony, in D,.....Norbert Burgmüller  
1. Allegro.—2. Andante.—3. Scherzo,  
(completed by SCHUMANN).
2. Songs.
3. Overture: "Meeresstille," &c.,.....Mendelssohn

1. Overture,.....Beethoven
2. Violin Concerto,.....Beethoven  
1. Allegro.—2. \*Larghetto.—3. \*Rondo.  
BERNARD LISTEMANN.

1. "Oxford" Symphony. (Second time in Boston)..Haydn
2. Piano Concerto.
3. Overture.

#### 7th Concert, Friday, Feb. 5.

- \*\*Schumann's Cantata: "Paradise and the Peri," entire, for solo voices, chorus (THE CECILIA), and orchestra.

#### 8th Concert, Thurs. Feb. 13.

- Beethoven's Fourth Symphony, (B flat); Aria, &c., by MISS CLARA DORIA; \*Organ Toccata, by Bach, (J. K. PAINE); Overtures, &c.

#### 9th Concert, March 4.

- Rubinstein's "Ocean" Symphony, with the additional movements, &c., &c.

#### 10th Concert, March 13.

1. Overture.
2. \*\*Psalm: "I tell narrano,".....Marcello  
(or) Magnificat in B flat, (second time here).....Durante  
THE CECILIA.
3. Symphony in C major,.....Schumann
4. \*\*Finale from "Loreley," (Soprano Solo and Chorus).....Mendelssohn
5. Overture to "Euryanthe,".....Weber
6. \*\*Finale to 1st Act of "Euryanthe" (Solos, Choruses of Knights, peasants, &c.),.....Weber  
THE CECILIA.

### The Ilma De Murska Concerts.

"The famous Hungarian Nightingale," (as Mr. De Vivo in his managerial proclamation—a wonderful piece of composition—styles her), with the "intention of making the Concert Room a permanent institution, such as is needed in this country" (what ever that may mean,—we were under the impression that we had concerts and concert rooms in plenty everywhere), has given us this week two concerts in the Music Hall, which, though they were chamber concerts essentially, and would have been better in a smaller room, were yet, as miscellaneous "star" concerts, of uncommon excellence. Mlle. DE MURSKA, as we learned by her performances in opera last season, is one of the most high-soaring, brilliant, finished vocalists in the most florid and bravura style that we have had a chance to hear; as perfect a music box, in fact, as Carlotta Patti, but with a richer voice, and more of the intellectual, if not the soulful quality of Art. On Monday evening no one could fail to be delighted by her rendering of the Cavatina from *Linda*, and astonished by her bird-like virtuosity in Benedict's variations on the "Carnival of Venice." But most satisfactory of all was her singing of Schubert's "Serenade," with violoncello obligato by Sig. Braga. The lovely melody, so well worn, came out fresh in all its soulful beauty, and came so home to every one that he was loath to part with it, and it had to be repeated. This was not in the programme.

Sig. Braga, by the way, for many years well known in Paris, is a master of his instrument, with a good singing tone, pure style, and great vigor and finesse of execution. His solos, mostly graceful and tender little compositions of his own, were quite acceptable; and the part he bore in the Mendelssohn C-minor Trio, with which the concert opened, proved him a true artist in the classical school. Joined with him in this work were the interesting couple whom we before knew separately, now happily united, Mme. TERESA CARRENO SAURET, the charming pianist, and M. SAURET, who had before made so excellent an impression here as a violinist. The worst that could be said of the Trio was, that it was out of place in the great Hall; could it have been heard as well as it was played, it would have been all right. The second part was to have been opened also with a piece of classical chamber music,—the F-major Piano and Violin Sonata of Beethoven; but, probably from

their own misgiving of the unfitness of place, a Fantasia on themes from *Don Giovanni* (by Vieuxtemps and Wolff) was substituted. Near the close of an altogether too protracted concert (mainly the fault of those nuisances, the *claqueurs*) Mme. Sauret played three solos: first, and best of all, the Andante in F by Beethoven, which was admirably rendered; but less satisfactorily the "Spring Song" of Mendelssohn, and Rubinstein's version of the March from the "Ruins of Athens." Mr. Sauret played for a solo David's Andante and Scherzo—the same which Miss Liebe played last spring in a Harvard concert,—and played it in a masterly manner; only it needed very much the orchestral accompaniment (So indeed does any concert in the Music Hall).

Herr THEODORE HABELMANN seems to have regained very much of the freshness and the beauty of his tenor voice, and sang "Adelaide" charmingly; as well as songs by Abt, &c. Sig. FERRANTI, the hearty, childlike buffo, was in all his glory,—overdoing the fun of the thing in a way which you cannot help forgiving to him, and yet rich and fresh in voice as ever, and provoking any quantity of laughter and good feeling, which is a blessing almost always.—Of the second concert in our next.

Miss AMY FAY (the writer of those enthusiastic and most readable letters in the *At'antic*,) who is concluding her musical studies under one whom many consider the greatest piano master in Germany, Herr Concertmeister Deppe,—gave her first concert in the fashionable watering place of Pyrmont, near Hanover. We copy the programme;

#### PYRMONT.

Im Saale des Hotel Bremen.  
Monday, den 24 August, 1874.  
Abends 6½ Uhr.  
SOIRÉE FÜR KAMMERMUSIK.

VON  
FRÄUL. AMY FAY.

unter gefälliger Mitwirkung der Herren Nolte, Saupe, Meyer, Kranert und Quednan.

1. Quintett, op. 87, in E moll,.....Hummel.  
für Klavier, Geige, Bratsche, Violoncello und Contra bass.
2. Quartett, für Streich-Instrumente, G dur, von Haydn.
3. Sonate für Klavier und Geige, op. 12, Es dur, von Beethoven.

### Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 28, 1874. The garden concerts are ended and the Thomas Orchestra has taken flight with the summer birds, and disappeared like the warm twilight evenings which it helped to make delightful. The last days of the concert season were gloomy enough, and the last week went out in storm and wind; but Tuesday evening, Sept. 22nd was bright and clear, and the greatest assemblage which ever came within the walls of the Central Park Garden gathered there to bid farewell to our favorite conductor and his orchestra. So great was the crowd that there was little comfort, save for those who went very early and secured seats, which they did not venture to quit for an instant until the close of the concert. To those who came late, even standing room in the auditorium was denied, and such late comers were driven, in desperation, to the garden, where they huddled together or sat on benches and shivered in the keen autumn air, listening for the music which they could not in the least, hear. Inasmuch as the programme was entirely made up of the productions of Richard Wagner, the Journal will, of course, parenthetically observe that those in the garden had the best of it after all; I, being a convicted Wagnerite, cannot be expected to approve of such pleasantries.

The programmes of the season just ended contain so much that is new and interesting, in addition to the strictly classical music which forms the ground-





